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112 SUFFRAGETTES THROWN IN JAIL

THIRTEENTH ATTEMPT TO APPEAR BEFORE THE PRIME MINISTER FAILS.

WOMEN SLAP CHIEF OF POLICE

Several Thousand Police Guard Parliament Square and Foul the Women's Plans—Enormous Crowds Witness Scene.

London, June 30.—The thirteenth vain attempt of the militant suffragettes to obtain access to Premier Asquith by deputation resulted in exciting scenes in Parliament Square and the arrest of more than 100 women. The plan of campaign followed the lines previously employed by the suffragettes. The "Woman's parliament" assembled in Caxton Hall and sent a deputation, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, to endeavor to see the prime minister, who had previously decided not to receive the deputation.

Enormous crowds of onlookers assembled in the vicinity of Parliament hours before the time set for the raid upon the house, around which several thousand police had taken up strategic positions. The first noteworthy incident was the arrest, after a great deal of trouble, of a buxom equestrian suffragette, who tried to penetrate the police cordon to take a message to the premier. Next appeared the deputation under command of Mrs. Pankhurst, and it was received by the crowd with wild cheers. Escorted by the police, the deputation arrived at the St. Stephens entrance to parliament, where it was met by Chief Inspector Scantlebury, who handed Mrs. Pankhurst a letter from the premier, regretting his inability to receive the deputation.

Angrily throwing the letter on the ground, Mrs. Pankhurst exclaimed: "I stand on my rights as the king's subject to enter the house of commons," and she endeavored to force an entrance. The police tried to induce the women to disperse quietly, and then began to take the members of the deputation by the arms to lead them away. To the surprise of the spectators, who were massed around the entrance, Mrs. Pankhurst stamped Inspector Jarvis in the face, knocking his cap in the mud. There were cries of "shame," and several of the spectators told the suffragette leader that she had no provocation to do such a thing.

A moment later, another member of the deputation, Mrs. Saul Solomon, knocked off the inspector's cap a second time, while others made determined attempts to rush the cordon of police. Eventually, the entire deputation was placed under arrest.

Altogether, 112 women were arrested, including Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Solomon, the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, daughter of Lord Abinger, Miss Margesson, daughter of Lady Margesson, Miss Maud Joschka, niece of the violinist, and many other prominent women.

Lottery Owners Arrested.
Indianapolis, Ind., June 30.—The old Honduras lottery, according to evidence presented to the grand jury of this county, now has headquarters at New Albany, Ind. Four men were arrested here, charged with being interested in the lottery company. They are Royal Hammer, who, it is alleged, is one of the oldest lottery men in the country; Henry Walker, Harry Pfalzgraf, and Davis Fair, all keepers of saloons. They were released in \$500 bonds each.

Many Killed in Cyclone.
Grand Forks, N. D., June 30.—Unconfirmed reports from Leeds state that eight persons were killed outright, and smaller reports from Minnewauken say one woman was killed and a number of persons injured and that the entire town was destroyed last night by a tornado. Wires in the northern part of the state are down. Between 20 and 30 farm houses are reported wrecked.

Senators Flooded With Protests.
Washington, June 30.—A flood of telegrams, nearly equaling that which swamped the wires during the anti-throw pass fight in pouring upon senators, in opposition to the carpenter amendment.

OAKLEY HELD OVER TO GRAND JURY; ASHBY RECEIVES FINE.

Slaughtersville Case in Which Ashby Was Wounded Heard by Judge Wilson.

Madisonville, June 30.—Judge Wilson heard the cases of the Commonwealth vs. R. S. Oakley and Whit Ashby yesterday and it occupied the attention of the court for several hours.

Ashby and Oakley had a difficulty at Slaughtersville and the former was wounded, being cut several times. Ashby was fined \$22.50 and costs. Oakley was held over to await the action of the grand jury.

Cultivate Agreeableness.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist, not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing to know that they possess it?—Cumberland.

ONE CERTAINTY.

Some Earlington People Fully Realize it Now.

When the back aches from kidney ills, When urinary troubles annoy you, There's a certain way to find relief; A sure way to be cured. Doan's Kidney Pills will do it. Earlington people endorse this claim.

Mrs. R. A. Smith, Wilson St., Earlington, Ky., says: "I am glad to publicly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. My kidneys were badly disordered and the plan in my back was so acute that I could not stoop without suffering severely. The pain often extended into my sides and became more severe if I stood for a short time. I had dizzy spells and many times was forced to grasp something to steady myself. I also suffered from terrible headaches and many days could scarcely get out of bed. I can safely say that I spent more than one hundred dollar for medicines and doctors treatment but obtained scarcely any benefit. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at the St. Bernard Drug Store and began their use. This remedy cured me in less than two weeks. I am glad to recommend it to other kidney sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Tired Women

Women, worn and tired from over-work, need a tonic. That feeling of weakness or tiredness will not leave you of itself. Take Cardui, that effective remedy for the ailments and weakness of women. Thousands of women have tried Cardui and write enthusiastically of its great benefit to them.

Take **CARDUI**

A recent letter from Mrs. Charles Bragg, of Sweetser, Ind., says: "Tongue cannot tell how much your medicine has done for me. Before I began taking Cardui I could not do a day's work. I would work awhile and lie down. I shall always give praise to your medicine."

Try Cardui. For sale everywhere.

Model Dwelling

State Should Own Them

By OLGA NETHERSOLE
Actress.

Considering the Glackin bill, authorizing the state of Illinois to establish by special taxation a tuberculosis sanatorium, the question arises as to whether it should end with the establishment of a sanatorium for tuberculosis only, or whether the proceeds of the special tax should not be also used for the establishment of a sanatorium for the cure of other diseases and for the betterment of tenement districts.

The tenement house laws could work in co-operation and be part of this new law. There could be built, with the proceeds of this tax, model tenements, of which the state should be landlord. These tenements should be designed and built for the health and welfare of the working classes.

No better model could be followed than the Krupp dwellings of Germany. These buildings are built in squares, with open stairways, large central court, bathroom, kitchen, parlor and bedrooms—no shutting out from the people of their natural rights—God's light and air.

The model dwellings should be under state control and visited at intervals by official inspectors. No overcrowding should be allowed, cleanliness and hygiene should be insisted upon, and the tenants of these dwellings should have free medical treatment from medical officers of the fund, and should, in fact, be under medical supervision.

I venture to suggest that such tenements could be run by the state on a paying basis, and the benefit of the community would be so far-reaching that it is impossible to limit it by any statement.

The effect on the health of the individual is obvious, and the moral awakening would be a revelation, because, as the tenement question now stands, it is quite a common occurrence for ten families to live in a house originally built for one family, and several people of both sexes, boys and girls, men and women, to sleep in one room.

The tenement house to-day breeds physical and moral disease. As W. J. Hurlbut, in his play, "The Writing on the Wall," asserts, "The tenement house landlords are a trust—a combination in restriction of health, of decency, of virtue." The state must fight the trust by becoming the landlord of model tenement dwellings for the people.

The Bills We Like to Receive

By JOSEPH E. RALPH

Of bills is a fine, firm quality of linen, known as "distinctive" paper, manufactured under government inspection at Dalton, Mass. Its delicate yet tough fibers have had a varied history before receiving the government stamp. The flax grew, perhaps, in the moist, fertile fields of Ireland. It was gathered, bleached, spun and woven largely by woman's skill. It may have formed at one time dainty lingerie; it may have been the garments of babes; it may have been the confirmation suits of children or the graduating gowns of girls.

The paper employed for the printing Loving hands have caressed it, patched it, darned it, and finally consigned it to the rag bag. Its mission, however, was not thereby concluded. By a process of modern alchemy, it is transformed and issued anew, not from looms, but from rolls, to take up another cycle of usefulness. Feeding avarice, serving as a channel for charity, satisfying hunger, paying bills, building homes and perhaps dowering brides whose mothers wore the same fibers when they stood before the altar, the bank note could tell a rare story of comedy and tragedy.

College Work But a Part of Life

By PROF. WOODROW WILSON

Of all the erroneous and harmful ideas that young men and young women have, the worst is the pernicious belief that college is simply the stage which precedes the real beginning of life, and that the real life and the real tasks are still to come. University life is not an introduction to life, but a part of it, and a most important part of it. More and more, as the years go by, in the business as in the professional world, the stress is being laid upon the trained mind, able to grapple with the complicated problems of industrial and urban life. Those whose minds are not trained will be servants, who will not only have to obey some one else, but will have to bear the added indignity of being told how to do the work. And the training of the mind, which will make a man a master and not a servant, is to be had only through hard work, intellectual work, and by a utilization to the full of the great opportunities which a university training spreads out before one. To give that training, to help that mastery of one's mental powers, in which lies the secret of Midas and of Socrates, is the purpose and the aim of a university.

Life's Discords Often Work for Good

By JOHN E. LEBARON

A small discord will sometimes ruin a large symphony. A discord is anything that disturbs the tranquil trend of things.

No matter how crude or how savage a people may be if left to themselves they exist with a certain degree of harmony. This is one of the selfish requirements of self-preservation. It is not necessarily a matter of ethics. At war with other tribes, even at war with nature, the savage, nevertheless, lives in rude harmony with his own people. War is the great discordant note of civilization. Among enlightened nations 3,000 years of Christian civilization should have made war impossible. As long as wars exist the symphony of civilization is incomplete. All great souls have been discords, out of harmony with existing ideas. "The carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass," says Emerson. Bearing out the not altogether philosophical theory that there is good in everything, even discords have their mission.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Walnut street about three o'clock the other morning. The street was dark except for a single ground-glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed:

"Oh, look at zhe moonsh!"

The other seriously contradicted him saying:

"That ain't no moonsh; zash sun."

This started an argument which lasted for several minutes as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passer-by, who happened to be another "happy" gentleman. They stopped him, and pointing to the globe, asked:

"Settle an argument, old pal; is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied:

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."

Philadelphia Record.

The Grassy Stars.

In a recent railway accident an old Irishman was severely injured. For some time after the accident he was left unattended to, but at last some sympathetic lookers-on picked him up and carried him to the station waiting-room until the arrival of the doctors to officially pronounce on his condition. By and by a surgeon bustled in, looked at his prostrate form and pallid face, and then exclaimed, "That poor fellow is done for. I'm afraid." Then he knelt down, lifted up an eyelid, and saw a dull, expressionless orb. "Very sad. He's as dead as a door-nail. Take the poor old fellow away," exclaimed the medico. No sooner had he spoken, however, than the supposed corpse began to move his lips. The startled doctor listened, and this is what he heard: "Bedad, doctor, that was me glass eye ye was looking at."

DI-



Schoolteacher—Do you know the meaning of that letter on your hat? Boy—Yes, sir. Father says it every morning he can't find his collar stud.

The Retort Courteous.

The merry party in the flat made such a racket that the occupant of a neighboring apartment sent his servant down with a polite message asking if it would be possible to make less noise, since, as the servant announced, "Mr. Smith says he cannot read."

"I grieve for Mr. Smith," replied the host. "Please present my compliments to your master, say that I am sorry he cannot read, and tell him I could when I was four years old!"

A Recommendation.

"I am looking for a place," said the stranger, "in which I can bring up my girls to good advantage. What inducements does this town offer in that way?"

"Well," the old settler answered, "it strikes me as being a pretty good town for your purpose. We've got a button factory here, and if your girls can't all find jobs in it we'll call from the city nearly every day for girls that people want there to do housework."

Out of His Line.

"Good morning," said Lardi Longsox, entering the studio of Dauber, the famous portrait painter. "I wish to engage you to paint my portrait."

"I shall be delighted, madam," was the answer.

"I want it painted with my new hat on," said Lardi.

"Pardon me, madam," came the quiet reply, "but I am not a landscape artist!"

Why He Winked.

"Conductor," complained the lank spinster passenger in the tram, "that man on the opposite side is winking at me!"

"He says he doesn't mean to wink at you," explained the official, after a few words had passed between him and the offender. "He's trying to keep the eye that's turned toward you shut, ma'am."

Qualifications.

Editor—Have you ever done any work on a newspaper?

Applicant for Position—Yes, sir; for nearly six months I contributed a column in a paper under the head of "For the Elevation of Mankind."

Editor—Go to the landlord's office on the bottom floor and see if he wants a lift map.

Not a Tariff Matter.

"Who is that fellow shouting so lustily for protection? Is he a manufacturer?"

"Goodness, no! He's a bigamist!"

Insulted.

"Oh, you sweet little boy!"

"Gee! I ain't no sweet little boy, I'm a tough nut!"

Household Conveniences.

"I have a fireless cooker."

"That's nothing. I've got a smokeless husband."

CITY DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—James R. Bash.
Police Judge—Ernest Newton.
Chief of Police—Wm. Bradley.
Night Chief—Clarence Mitchell.
Tax Assessor—
City Clerk—Paul P. Price.
Treasurer—Frank B. Arnold.
City Physician—W. K. Nisbet.
City Engineer—F. D. Raab.
Street Commissioner—Robt. Wood.
Commissioner—Jno. B. Atkinson.
Madison Oldham, H. C. Bourland, L. H. O'Brien, Geo. C. Atkinson, Thos. Blair. Meeting night first Monday night in each month.
School Trustee—Paul M. Moore.
Board of Health—Ed M. Trahern, Jno. X. Taylor, Curtis B. Johnson, St. D.
Postmaster—Chas. Cowell.

LODGES.

Masonic Lodge—E. W. Turner, No. 548 meets 1st and 3rd. Fridays in each month.

E. J. PHILLIPS, Sec.

Victoria Lodge, No. 84, K. of P. meets every Monday and Thursday nights. Visitors welcome.
ERNEST NEWTON, K. of R. and S.

Hopkins Lodge, A. O. U. W. No. 681 meets every Thursday night.
Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Golden Cross Lodge, Earlington, No. 525 meets 1st and 3rd, Saturday night in each month.

Mrs. M. B. LONG, Sec.

Degree of Honor, No. 10 meets 2nd and 4th Saturday nights in each month.

MISS LIZZIE HUFF, Sec.

Ben Hur Lodge, Earlington Court, No. 65 meets every 2nd and 4th Friday night at new Victory Hall.

JOHN WAND, Scribe.

StanJwaite, Tribe No. 57, Red Men meets every Friday sleep.

CLAUDE LONG, Sec.

Woodmen of the World, Catalpa Camp No. 301 meets every Wednesday night. All members are earnestly requested to be there.

J. S. HANCOCK, Clerk.

Modern Woodmen of the World, No. 11992 meets every Wednesday.

Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Klub Kentuck open all hours. Business meeting 2nd Tuesday in each month.

C. L. ASHBY, Sec.

Elks, B. P. O. No. 738 meets a Madisonville Monday night.

Jas. E. Franceway, Secy.

Visiting members are cordially invited to attend any of these Lodges.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass every Sunday and holy day at 7:00 a. m. Second mass and preaching 9:30 a. m. Vespers and benediction 7 p. m. Rev. J. P. McFarland, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every Lord's day at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. CHURCH.—Regular services third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Class meeting, second Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. H. Embury, pastor.

Epworth League—J. S. Hancock, president. Meets every Sunday evening at 8:45 p. m. at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. All are welcome.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—Rev. W. C. Brandon, pastor. Services on every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Epworth League, every Sunday evening at 8:45. Ladies' Aid Society every Monday afternoon. Official Board meeting Monday after first Sunday in each month.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.—Preaching the fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. and the preceding Saturday night. Church meeting Saturday night before the 4th Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Monday night at 7:30. Rev. C. H. Grignon, Pastor.

GENERAL BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services Saturday night before the first Sunday in each month at 7:30 p. m., first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7:30. Rev. Bumpus, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Hco LA.—Regular services first Thursday at 7:30 p. m. and third Sunday at 8:30 p. m. in each month. Sunday school each Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Bering Sea Volcanic Islands.

The Bogoslofs are a group of three small volcanic islands in the southern part of Beringsea, and 37 miles northwest of the island of Unalaska. One of these islands, Castle Rock, has been known since 1794; Fire Island has been known since 1883, while the third one, Perry Island, rose from the sea about the time of the San Francisco earthquake, in 1906. According to a letter to Science, this island has now sunk.

Power In Silence.

Here is a hint for the women who forget and fret and fuss. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise oriental. But in the silence you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power.—Edwin Markham, in Red Book.